

1078 d

L

"Co
harrass
merous
chimer
numero
not un
plants
erabl
he sca
ternal

P

and

It is
hors
erest
and
ous,
CCTD

8,

Price One Shilling,

of the

Literary Miscellany :

containing

ANCIENT

SONGS AND BALLADS.

" Convinced, by the most strict observation, that the mind is embarrassed by a thousand extrinsic difficulties, and sensible that a numerous library is the seat of the greatest extravagancies and most idle chimeras, we have made an election by extracting the substance of numerous volumes, which we have included in small duodecimos; not unlike skillful chymists, who concentrate the virtues of many plants in a small phial, and cast aside the refuse.

Innumerable quantities of books are made; it is our business to collect the scattered and valuable parts.

The ignorant babble eternally; the learned and sagacious speak little but well."

Memoirs of the Year 1700.

Printed and sold by George Nicholson, College, Ludlow.

Sold also by

T. Knott, 47, Lombard-street;

and Champante and Whitrow, Jewry-street, Aldgate, London;

and all other Booksellers.

— 1700 —

OUTLINES OF THE PLAN.

It is an evident and acknowledged fact, that our most celebrated authors have their excellencies and defects; their admirable and less interesting compositions; and that they wrote, not only on important and permanent subjects, but on such as were temporary, adventurous, and local. We, therefore, have engaged in the task of collecting the "valuable parts."

It is proposed, when the

selections from an author will amount to the size of a pamphlet or volume, to print them together : when so few are found of intrinsic excellence as not to make a threepenny pamphlet, they will be disposed into classes.

A few extracts from recent publications, will be occasionally introduced, as specimens of excellence.

Respecting originals, we shall not suffer a disposition to produce a new book to affect our impartiality at the expense of incorrect composition or unimportant materials.

On subjects of disparation, and where difference of taste is liable to interfere, the liberal and candid of different parties will be gratified : and such pieces printed in a manner capable of separation.

By this mean, agreeable miscellanies may be formed, adapted to different purposes, ages, capacities, dispositions, or situations ; of a pathetic, agumentative, lively, or humourous tendency, and unincumbered with such as may be disapproved.

Subjects of utility ; whatever can amend and humanize the heart, inform the understanding, correct the judgment, and establish first, general, and liberal principles ; whatever can awaken attention to obvious and important truths, will be eagerly preferred. We shall avoid the adulation of power, the celebration of offensive achievements, and of savage and unmanly sports ; absurd traditions ; mythological fictions ; unnatural allegories, visions, and fables ; and details of mad or violent passion.

O

Not.	General Titles and Contents to bind with Volumes or Sets	Price
1	Prayers ; Hymns	9
2	Golden Verses of Pythagoras, by Rowe ; Reflections, by Mrs. Robinson ; Pieces, by J. Bidlake, Miss Carter, J. Beattie, Mrs. Barbauld, Scott, Pratt, Lady Montague, Franklin, Burns, &c.	6
3	Sir Bertrand ; Sir Gawen ; Edwin	8
4	The Invitation ; the Wish ; Prayer for Indifference and Answer ; the Lady's Choice ; a moral Picture ; Allen & Ella, &c.	6
5	Perfect Love ; the Bird ; Rules for promoting Matrimonial Happiness ; Patience and Forbearance recommended ; an extraordinary Instance of Affection ; Speech of Polly Baker, &c.	5
6	The disabled Soldier ; Parish Jobbing ; On Quacks ; Ambassador of Bantam's Letter ; Character of a Sot ; &c.	3
7	Maxims selected from the Writings of the Earl of Chesterfield	9
8	Ancient Songs and Ballads	12
9	Songs ; descriptive, moral, pastoral, humourous	7
10	Elegiac and Sea Songs	4
11	Scottish Songs	7
12	Way to Wealth ; Life endeared by Age ; on early Times, &c.	4
13	On Human Pursuits ; on inconsistent Expectations ; Character of Antiope ; Character of a true Friend ; &c.	4
14	The grateful Turk ; Alexander and Septimius ; the Horse ; &c.	4
15	History of Nicholas Pedrosa ; Adventures of a bashful Man	4

or
naic
dis-
ans,
new
tion
and
ndid
in a
llan-
ities,
, or
isap-
l hu-
ment,
r can
agerly
ration
bsurd
, and

Price

9

rs.

rs.

&c. 6

8

An-

&c. 1

nial

ex-

&c. 3

bas-

3

field 9

12

7

4

7

, &c. 42

marac-

; &c.

lan

1078 d. 18



K Ancient
Ballads, Songs, and Poems.



Printed at the office of George Nicholson, College, Ludlow.
Sold also by T. Knott, 47, Lombard-street ;
and Champante and Whitrow, 4, Jewry-street, Aldgate, London ;
and all other Booksellers.
Anno 1799.

THE EMBLEMATIC VIGNETTE,
was designed by Mr. *W. M. Craig*, and engraved on wood by Mr.
T. Bewick.

42,
4 9
45



" I
our
ten
the
I
tion
of
pre
me
for
of n
sica
levi
alia
bid
ence
of v
noti
(tha
amb
fess
Som
siti
of s
won
sain
sup

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. The songs which have already been printed in the "Literary Miscellany," with the poems of some of our most celebrated bards, and others which are intended to be printed in that way, do not appear in these compilations.

Respecting the nature and tendency of these selections.—The songs retained are divested of expressions of violent and enthusiastic passion. Every subject presented possesses some preceptive rule, moral sentiment, or elegant thought. We have found no room for indecency, trifling composition, or the insipidity of modern operas : the most enchanting powers of musical composition cannot atone for the base alloy of levity, vulgarity, and nonsense.

All bacchanalian songs are rejected, because virtue and reason forbid us to join the crowd in misleading the inexperienced and unwary, or to scatter flowers in the paths of vice and profligacy.

Songs favouring false notions of honour and glory to be obtained in war (that crime and scourge of nations, that business of ambition, that disgrace of the human kind, that profession of butchery), will make another exception. Some of the ancient ballads, of this species of composition, will be retained, for the sake of their simplicity of style and pathos : relations of dreadful battles, and wonderful adventures of knights-errant and legendary saints, excite rather a curiosity respecting the folly, superstition, and credulity of former times, than im-

pressions of reality or truth.

Hunting is a savage, unmanly sport, comporting ill with European refinements, and ought to be employed, not as a diversion, but in cases of extreme necessity only, and even then with reluctance; songs of this class are therefore discarded.

Wh
and
the
wit
of t
swe
In j
in v
Be-
by r
our
are
The
the
for,
in s
a do
Aric
O h
even
O n
to c
sens
wha

ANCIENT BALLADS, SONGS, AND POEMS.

TO THE LUTE IN MUSICKE.

Where gripinge grefes the hart would wounde,
and dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,
there musicke with her silver sound
with spede is wont to send redresse :
of trobled mynds, in every sore,
swete musicke hathe a salve in store.

In joye yt maks our mirthe abounde,
in woe yt cheres our hevy sprites ;
Be-strawghted heads relyef hathe founde,
by musickes pleasaunt swete delightes :
our senses all, what shall I say more ?
are subjecte unto musickes lore.

The gods by musicke have their prayse ;
the lyfe, the soul therein doth joye :
for, as the Romaine poet sayes,
in seas whom pyrats would destroy,
a dolphin saved from death most sharpe
Arion playing on his harpe.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,
even as the sterne dothe rule the shippe !
O musicke, whom the gods assinde
to comforte manne, whom cares would nippe !
sense thow both manne and beste doest move,
what beste ys he, wyll the disprove ?



It is from the following stanzas that Shakespear has taken his song of the "Willow," in his "Othello," a. 4. s. 3. tho' somewhat varied and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner :

" My mother had a maid call'd Barbarie :
she was in love ; and he, she lov'd, forsook her,
and she prov'd mad. She had a song of " Willow."
An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune ;
and she dyed singing it."

A poore soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree ;
O willow, willow, willow !
with his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee :
O willow, willow, willow !
O willow, willow, willow !
sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.
He sigh'd in his singing, and after each grone,
come willow, &c.
I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone ;
O willow, &c.
sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.
My love she is turned ; untrue she doth prove :
O willow, &c.
she renders me nothing but hate for my love.
O willow, &c.
sing, O the greene willow, &c.
O pittie me (cried he) ye lovers, each one ;
O willow, &c.
Her heart 's hard as marble ; she rues not my mone.
O willow, &c.
sing, O the greene willow, &c.
The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace ;
O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face :

O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his mones :

O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which softened the stones.

O willow, &c.

sing, O the green willow, &c.

Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove ;

O willow, &c.

She was borne to be faire ; I, to die for her love.

O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so hard !

Sing, willow, &c.

My true love rejecting without all regard.

O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let love no more boast him in palace or bower ;

O willow, &c.

for women are trothless, and flote in an houre.

O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining ? In vaine I complaine :

O willow, &c.

I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdaine.

O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me,

O willow, &c.

he that 'plaines of his false love, mine's falser than she.

O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The willow wreath weare I, since my love did fleet,

O willow, &c.

a garland for lovers forsaken most meete.

O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

PART THE SECOND.

Lowe lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdaine;

O willow, willow, willow!

against her too cruell, still still I complaine,

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

O love too injurious, to wound my poore heart!

O willow, &c.

to suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart:

O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,

O willow, &c.

a sign of her falsenesse before me doth stand:

O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,

O willow, &c.

so hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye:

O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow, &c.

In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view,

O willow, &c.

of all that doe know her, to blaze her untrue.

O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow, &c.

ect,

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,

O willow, &c.

"Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most sweet."

O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Tho' she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,

O willow, &c.

and carelessly smiles at the sorrowes I prove;

O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow, &c.

I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,

O willow, &c.

cause once well I lov'd her, and honour'd her name:

O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene, willow, &c.

The name of her sounded so sweete in mine eare,

O willow, &c.

it rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare;

O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As then 't was my comfort, it now is my grieve;

O willow, &c.

it now brings me anguish, then brought me reliefe.

O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, faire false hearted; plaints end with my
breath!

O willow, willow, willow!

thou dost loath me, I love thee, tho' cause of my death.

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.



BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Take, oh take those lips away,
 that so sweetlye were forsworne;
 and those eyes, the break of day,
 lights, that do mislead the morne:
 but my kisses bring againe,
 seales of love, but seal'd in vaine.
 Hide, oh hide those hills of snowe,
 which thy frozen bosom beares,
 on whose tops the pinks that growe,
 are of those that April wears:
 but first set my poor heart free,
 bound in those icy chains by thee.



BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR:

Crabbed Age and Youth
 cannot live together;
 Youth is full of pleasance,
 Age is full of care:
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather,
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare:
 Youth is full of sport,
 Ages breath is short;
 Youth is nimble, age is lame:
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold:
 Youth is wild, and Age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee,
O, my love, my love is young :
Age, I do defie thee ;
oh sweet shepheard, hie thee,
for methinks thou stayst too long.



KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

King Leir once ruled in this land,
with princely power and peace ;
and had all things with hearts content,
that might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave,
three daughters fair had he,
so princely seeming beautiful,
as fairer could not be.
So on a time it pleas'd the king
a question thus to move,
which of his daughters to his grace
could shew the dearest love :
for to my age you bring content,
quoth he, then let me hear
which of you three in plighted troth
the kindest will appear.
To whom the eldest thus began ;
dear father, mind, quoth she,
before your face to do you good,
my blood shall render'd be :
and for your sake my bleeding heart
shall here be cut in twain,

ere that I see your reverend age
the smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said ;
dear father ! for your sake,
the worst of all extremities

I'll gently undertake :
and serve your highness night and day
with diligence and love ;
that sweet content and quietness
discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,
the aged king reply'd ;
but what sayst thou, my youngest girl,
how is thy love ally'd ?

My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
which to your grace I owe,
shall be the duty of a child,
and that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou show no more, quoth he,
than doth thy duty bind ?

I well perceive thy love is small,
when as no more I find :
henceforth I banish thee my court,
thou art no child of mine ;
nor any part of this my realm
by favour shall be thine.

Thy eldest sisters loves are more
than well I can demand,
to whom I equally bestow
my kingdome and my land,
my pompal state and all my goods,
that lovingly I may

with those thy sisters be maintain'd
until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown,
by these two sisters here :
the third had causeless banishment,
yet was her love more dear :
for poor Cordelia patiently
went wandring up and down,
unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid !
through many an English town :
until at last in famous France
she gentler fortunes found ;
tho' poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
the fairest on that ground :
where when the king her virtues heard,
and this fair lady seen,
with full consent of all his court
he made his wife and queen.

Her father, old king Leir, this while
with his two daughters staid ;
forgetful of their promis'd loves,
full soon the same decay'd ;
and living in queen Ragan's court,
the eldest of the twain,
she took from him his chiefest means,
and most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
to wait with bended knee :
she gave allowance but to ten,
and after scarce to three :
nay, one she thought too much for him,
so took she all away,

in hope that in her court, good king,
he would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
in giving all I have
unto my children, and to beg
for what I lately gave?

I'll go unto my Gonorell;
my second child, I know,
will be more kind and pitiful,
and will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court;
where, when she heard his moan,
return'd him answer, that she griev'd,
that all his means were gone:
but no way could relieve his wants;
yet if that he would stay
within her kitchen, he should have
what scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,
he made his answer then;
in what I did let me be made
example to all men.

I will return again, quoth he,
unto my Ragan's court;
she will not use me thus, I hope,
but in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command
to drive him thence away:
when he was well within her court
(she said) he would not stay.
Then back again to Gonerell,
the woeful king did hie,

that in her kitchen he might have
what scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd,
which she had promis'd late :
for, once refusing, he should not
come after to her gate.

Thus twixt his daughters, for relief
he wandred up and down ;
being glad to feed on beggars food,
that lately wore a crown :

and calling to remembrance then
his youngest daughters words,
that said, the duty of a child
was all that love affords :

but doubting to repair to her,
whom he had banish'd so,
grew frantick mad ; for in his mind
he bore the wounds of woe :

which made him rend his milk-white locks,
and tresses from his head,
and all with blood bestain his cheeks,
with age and honour spread :
to hills and woods and watry founts,
he made his hourly moan,
till hills and woods, and senseless thngs,
did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possest with discontents,
he passed o'er to France,
in hopes from fair Cordelia there,
to find some gentler chance :
most virtuous dame ! which when she heard
of this her father's grief,



as duty bound, she quickly sent
him comfort and relief :
and by a train of noble peers,
in brave and gallant sort,
she gave in charge he should be brought
to Aganippus court ;
whose royal king, with noble mind
so freely gave consent,
to muster up his knights at arms,
to fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
to repossesse king Leir,
and drive his daughters from their thrones,
by his Cordelia dear :
where she, true-hearted noble queen,
was in the battle slain :
yet he, good king, in his old days,
possest his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
who died indeed for love
of her dear father, in whose cause
she did this battle move ;
he swooning fell upon her breast,
from whence he never parted :
but on her bosom left his life,
that was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
the end of these events,
the other sisters unto death
they doomed by consents :
and being dead, their crowns they left
unto the next of kin :

thus have you seen the fall of pride,
and disobedient sin.



DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shirley's, intitled "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses:" no date, 8vo. This little poem is said to have been a favourite song with King Charles II.

Percy.

The glories of our blood and state
are shadows, not substantial things;
there is no armour against fate:
death lays his icy hands on kings:
 scepter and crown
 must tumble down,
and in the dust be equal made
with the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
and plant fresh laurels where they kill;
but their strong nerves at last must yield,
they tame but one another still.
 early or late
 they stoop to fate,
and must give up their murmuring breath,
when they pale captives creep to death.
The garlands wither on your brow,
then boast no more your mighty deeds,
upon death's purple altar now
see where the victor victim bleeds:
 all heads must come
 to the cold tomb,



only the actions of the just
smell sweet and blossom in the dust.



THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

"Dispersed through Shakespear's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, some of them have been selected, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into little tale. One small fragment was taken from Beaumont

and Fletcher."

Percy.

It was a friar of orders gray,
walk'd forth to tell his beads,
and he met with a lady fair,
clad in a pilgrim's weeds.
Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
if ever at yon holy shrine
my true love thou didst see.
And how should I know your true love
from many another one?
O by his cockle hat and staff,
and by his sandal shoon.
But chiefly by his face and mien,
that were so fair to view;
his flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
and eyne of lovely blue.
O lady, he's dead and gone!
lady, he's dead and gone!
and at his head a green grass turf,
and at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloisters long
he languish'd and he died,
lamenting of a lady's love,
and 'plaining of her pride.

Here bore him bare-fac'd on his bier
six proper youths and tall,
and many a tear bedew'd his grave
within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
and art thou dead and gone!
and didst thou die for love of me!
break, cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not so;
some ghostly comfort seek:
let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
nor tears bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
my sorrow now reprove;
for I have lost the sweetest youth
that e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I 'll evermore weep and sigh;
for thee I only wish'd to live,
for thee I wish to die.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
thy sorrow is in vain:
for, violets pluck'd the sweetest showers
will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
why then should sorrow last?
since grief but aggravates thy loss,
grieve not for what is past.



O say not so, thou holy friar;

I pray thee, say not so:

for since my true love died for me,

't is meet my tears should flow.

And will he never come again?

will he ne'er come again?

ah! no, he is dead, and laid in his grave,

for ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose,

the comliest youth was he:—

but he is dead, and laid in his grave:

alas! and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,

men were deceivers ever:

one foot on sea, and one on land,

to one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,

and left thee sad and heavy;

for young men ever were fickle found,

since summer-trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,

I pray thee say not so;

my love he had the truest heart:

O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,

and didst thou die for me?

then farewell home: for ever more

a pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true love's grave

my weary limbs I'll lay,

and thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,

that wraps his breathless clay.

..p..p4..q..

Yet stay, fair lady ; rest awhile
beneath this cloister wall :
see through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
and drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray ;
no drizzly rain that falls on me
can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
and dry those pearly tears ;
for see, beneath this gown of gray,
thy own true love appears.

Here, forc'd by grief and hopeless love,
these holy weeds I sought :
and here, amid these lonely walls,
to end my days I thought.

But haply, for my year of grace
is not yet pass'd away,
might I still hope to win thy love,
no longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy,
once more unto my heart ;
for since I have found thee, lovely youth,
we never more will part.



This excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Johnson in his play of "Every Man out of his Humour," first acted in 1599, act 1. sc. 1.

My minde to me a kingdome is;
such perfect joy therein I finde
as farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
that God or Nature hath assignde.
tho' much I want, that most would have,
yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
look what I lack my minde supplies.
Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
content with that my minde doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
and hastie clymbers soonest fall:
I see that such as sit aloft
mishap doth threaten most of all:
these get with toile, and keep with feare:
such cares my minde could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,
no force to winne a victorie,
no wylie wit to salve a sore,
no shape to winne a lovers eye;
to none of these I yeeld as thrall,
for why my minde dispiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more:
they are but poore, tho' much they have;
and I am rich with little store:

they poore, I rich; they beg, I give;
 they lacke, I lend; they pine, I give.
 I laugh not at anothers losse,
 I grudge not at anothers gaine;
 no worldly wave my minde can tosse,
 I brooke that is anothers bane:
 I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
 I loth not life, nor dread mine end.
 My welth is health, and perfect ease;
 my conscience clere, my chiefe defence:
 I never seeke by brybes to please,
 nor by desert to give offence:
 thus do I live, thus will I die;
 would all did so as well as I!



THE GOLDEN MEAN.

The four stanzas following are commonly printed as part of the foregoing song; but as they are found distinct and separate, after the manner of an independent poem, with different notes of music, in Birde's *bassus*, it was thought proper so to give them.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;
 I weigh not Cressus' welth a straw;
 for care, I care not what it is;
 I feare not fortunes fatall law:
 my mind is such as may not move
 for beautie bright or force of love.
 I wish but what I have at will;
 I wander not to seeke for more;
 I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
 in greatest stormes I sitte on shore,

and laugh at them that toile in vaine
 to get what must be lost againe.
 I kisse not where I wish to kill ;
 I faine not love where most I hate ;
 I breake no sleep to winne my will ;
 I wayte not at the mighties gate ;
 I scorne no poore, I feare no rich ;
 I feele no want, nor have too much.
 The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath ;
 extremes are counted worst of all ;
 the golden meane betwixt them both,
 doth surest sit, and feares no fall :
 this is my choyce, for why, I finde,
 no welth is like a quiet minde.



THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

This little moral poem was written by Sir Henry Wotton, who died provost of Eaton, in 1639. *Æt.* 72.

How happy is he born or taught,
 that serveth not anothers will ;
 whose armour is his honest thought,
 and simple truth his highest skill :
 whose passions not his masters are ;
 whose soul is still prepar'd for death ;
 not ty'd unto the world with care
 of princes ear, or vulgar breath :
 who hath his life from rumours freed ;
 whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 nor ruine make oppressors great :

who envies none, whom chance doth raise,
 or vice : who never understood
 how deepest wounds are given with praise ;
 nor rules of state, but rules of good :
 who God doth late and early pray
 more of his grace than gifts to lend ;
 and entertaines the harmless day
 with a well-chosen book or friend.
 This man is freed from servile bands,
 of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 lord of himself, tho' not of lands ;
 and having nothing, yet hath all.



THE PATIENT COUNTESS.

The following tale is found in an ancient poem intituled " Albion's
 England " written by W. Warner, a celebrated poet in the reign of
 Queen Elizabeth. *Percy.*

Impatience chaungeth smoke to flame,
 but jelousie is hell ;
 some wives by patience have reduc'd
 ill husbands to live well :
 as did the ladie of an earle,
 of whom I now shall tell.
 An earle there was had wedded, lov'd ;
 was lov'd, and lived long
 full true to his fayre countesse ; yet
 at last he did her wrong.
 Once hunted he untill the chace,
 long fasting, and the heat
 did house him in a peakish graunge
 within a forest great.

Where knowne and welcom'd (as the place
and persons might afforde)
browne bread, whig, bacon, curds, and milke
were set him on the borde.

A cushion made of lists, a stoole
halfe backed with a hoope
were brought him, and he sitteth down
besides a sorry coupe.

The poore old couple wisht their bread
were wheat, their whig were perry,
their bacon beefe, their milke and curds
were creame, to make him merry.

Meane while (in russet neatly clad,
with linen white as swanne,
herself more white, save rosie where
the ruddy colour ranne :

whom naked nature, not the aydes
of arte made to excell)
the good man's daughter sturres to see
that all were feat and well ;
the earle did mark her, and admire
such beautie there to dwell.

Yet fals he to their homely fare,
and held him at a feast :
but as his hunger slaked, so
an amorous heat increast.

When this repast was past, and thanks,
and welcome too; he sayd
unto his host and hostesse, in
the hearing of the mayd :

Yee know, quoth he, that I am lord
of this, and many townes;

I also know that you be poore,
and I can spare you pownes.
Soe will I, so yee will consent,
that yonder lasse and I
may bargain for her love ; at least,
doe give me leave to trye.
who needs to know it ? nay who dares
into my doings pry ?
First they mislike, yet at the length
for lucre were misled ;
and then the gamesome earle did wowe
the damsell for his bed.
He took her in his arms, as yet
so coyish to be kist,
as mayds that know themselves belov'd,
and yieldingly resist.
In few, his offers were so large,
she lastly did consent ;
with whom he lodged all that night,
and early home he went.
He tooke occasion oftentimes
in such a sort to hunt.
Whom when his lady often mist,
contrary to his wont,
and lastly was informed of
his amorous haunt elsewhere ;
it griev'd her not a little, tho'
she seem'd it well to beare.
And thus she reasons with herselfe,
some fault perhaps in me ;
somewhat is done, that so he doth :
alas ! what may it be ?

How may I winne him to myself?

he is a man, and men
have imperfections; it behooves
me pardon nature then.

To checke him were to make him checke,*

altho' he now were chaste:
a man controuled of his wife,
to her makes lesser haste.

If duty then, or daliance may
prevayle to alter him;

I will be dutifull, and make
my selfe for daliance trim.

So was she, and so lovingly
did entertaine her lord,
as fairer, or more faultless none
could be for bed or bord.

Yet still he loves his leiman, and
did still pursue that game,
suspecting nothing less, than that
his lady knew the same:

wherefore to make him know she knew,
she this devise did frame:

when long she had been wrong'd, and sought
the foresayd meanes in vaine,
she rideth to the simple graunge
but with a slender traine.

She lighteth, entreth greets them well,
and then did look about her:

* To *check* is a term in falconry, applied when a hawk stops and turns away from his proper pursuit: to *check* also signifies to reprove or chide. It is in this verse used in both senses.

the guiltie houshold knowing her,
did wish themselves without her,
yet for she looked merrily,
the lesse they did misdoubt her.

When she had seen the beauteous wench
(than blushing fairnes fairer)
such beauty made the countesse hold
them both excus'd the rather.

Who would not bite at such a bait?
thought she: and who (tho' loth)
so poore a wench, but gold might tempt?
sweet errors lead them both.

Scarse one in twenty that had bragg'd
of proffer'd gold denied,
or of such yeelding beautie baulkt,
but, tenne to one, had lied.

Thus thought she: and she thus declares
her cause of coming thether;
my lord, oft hunting in these partes,
through travel, night, or wether,
hath often lodged in your house;
I thanke you for the same;
for why? it doth him jolly ease
to lie so neare his game.

But, for you have not furniture
beseeming such a guest,
I bring his owne, and come myselfe
to see his lodging drest.

With that two sumpters were discharg'd,
in which were hangings brave,
silke coverings, curtens, carpets, plate,
and all such turn should have.

When all was handsomly dispos'd,
she prays them to have care
that nothing hap in their default,
that might his health impair:
and, damsell, quoth shee, for it seems
this houshold is but three,
and for thy parents age, that this
shall chiefly rest on thee;
do me that good, else would to God
he hither come no more.
So tooke she horse, and eer she went
bestowed Gould good store.
Full little thought the countie that
his countesse had done so;
who now return'd from far affaires
did to his sweet-heart go.
No sooner sat he foote within
the late deformed cote,
but that the formall change of things
his wondering eies did note.
But when he knew those goods to be
his proper goods; tho' late,
scarce taking leave, he home returnes
the matter to debate.
The countesse was a-bed, and he
with her his lodging tooke;
sir, welcome home (quoth shee); this night
for you I did not looke.
Then did he question her of such
his stuffe bestowed soe.
Forsooth, quoth she, because I did
your love and lodging knowe:

your love to be a proper wench,
 your lodging nothing lesse;
 I held it for your health, the house
 more decently to dresse.

Well wot I, notwithstanding her,
 your lordship loveth me;
 and greater hope to hold you such
 by quiet, than brawles, you see.

Then for my duty, your delight,
 and to retaine your favour,
 all done I did, and patiently
 expect your wonted 'haviour.

Her patience, witte and answer wrought
 his gentle teares to fall:
 when (kissing her a score of times)
 amend, sweet wife, I shall:
 he said, and did it: so each wife
 her husband may recall.



WINIFREDA:

This beautiful address to conjugal love, is printed in some modern collections as a translation "from the ancient British language:" how truly I know not.

Percy.

Away; let nought to love displeasing,
 my Winifreda, move your care;
 let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
 nor squemish pride, nor gloomy fear.
 What tho' no grants of royal donors
 with pompous titles grace our blood?
 we'll shine in more substantial honours,
 and to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
will sweetly sound where-e'er 't is spoke :
and all the great ones, they shall wonder
how they respect such little folk.

What tho' from fortune's lavish bounty
no mighty treasures we possess,
we'll find within our pittance plenty,
and be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season
sufficient for our wishes give;
for we will live a life of reason,
and that 's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
we'll hand in hand together tread ;
sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
and babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
while round my knees they fondly clung ;
to see them look their mothers features,
to hear them lisp their mothers tongue.

And when with envy time transported,
shall think to rob us of our joys,
you'll in your girls again be courted,
and I'll go a wooing in my boys.



BRYAN AND PEREENE,

BY DR. JAMES GRAINGER,

a West-Indian ballad,

founded on a real fact, that happened in the island of St. Christophers.

The north-east wind did briskly blow,
the ship was safely moor'd,
young Bryan thought the boat's-crew slow,
and so leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
his heart long held in thrall,
and whoso his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
he dwelt on English land,
nor once in thought or deed would stray,
tho' ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
right blythsome roll'd his een,
sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
he scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
that grac'd his mistress true?
such charms the old world seldom saw,
nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
like tendrils of the vine;
her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck,
her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
she cast her weeds away,

and to the palmy shore she hied,
all in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
she there impatient stood;
the crew with wonder saw the lad
repell the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
which he at parting gave;
well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
and manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all
rejoicing crowd the strand;
for now her lover swam in call,
and almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
to clasp her lovely swain;
when, ah! a shark bit through his waist:
his heart's blood dy'd the main!
he shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,
streaming with purple gore,
and soon it found a living grave,
and ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
fetch water from the spring:
she falls, she swoons, she dies away,
and soon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb
ye fair, fresh flowerets strew,
so may your lovers scape his doom,
her hapless fate scape you!



ALCANZOR AND ZAIDA,

BY ——— PERCY,

a Moorish tale, imitated from the Spanish.

Softly blow the evening breezes,
softly fall the dews of night ;
yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
shunning every glare of light.

In yon place lives fair Zaida,
whom he loves with flame so pure :
loveliest she of Moorish ladies ;
he a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
oft he paces to and fro :
stopping now, now moving forwards,
sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate teize him,
oft he sighs with heart-felt care.—
See, fond youth to yonder window
softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
to the lost benighted swain,
when all silvery bright she rises,
gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory,
to the fainting seaman's eyes,
when some horrid storm dispersing,
o'er the wave his radiance flies :

but a thousand times more lovely
to her longing lover's sight
steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
through the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
 whispering forth a gentle sigh:
 Alla keep thee, lovely lady;
 tell me, am I doom'd to die?

Is it true, the dreadful story,
 which thy damsel tells my page,
 that, seduc'd by sordid riches,
 thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

An old lord from Antiquera
 thy stern father brings along;
 but canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
 thus consent my love to wrong?

If 't is true, now plainly tell me,
 nor thus trifle with my woes;
 hide not then from me the secret,
 which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
 while the pearly tears descend:
 ah! my lord, too true the story;
 here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
 well are known our mutual vows;
 all my friends are full of fury,
 storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;
 my stern father breaks my heart;
 Alla knows how dear it cost me,
 generous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
 long have rent our house and thine;
 why then did thy shining merit
 win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee,
spite of all their hateful pride,
tho' I fear'd my haughty father
ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
oft I've from my mother borne,
what I've suffer'd here to meet thee
still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them;
all, to force my hand combine;
and to-morrow to thy rival
this weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
can survive so great a wrong;
well my breaking heart assures me
that my woes will not be long.

Farewel then, my dear Alcanzor!
farewel too my life with thee!
take this scarf, a parting token;
when thou wear'st it think on me.

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
shall reward thy generous truth;
sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
died for thee in prime of youth.

—To him, all amaz'd, confounded,
thus she did her woes impart:
deep he sigh'd, then cried, O Zaida,
do not, do not break my heart.

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
canst thou hold my love so small?
No! a thousand times I'll perish!—
my curst rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them?

O break forth, and fly to me!
this fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
these fond arms shall shelter thee.

'T is in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
spies surround me, bars secure:
scaroe I steal this last dear moment,
while my damsel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father storming!
hark, I hear my mother chide!

I must go: farewell for ever!
gracious Alla be thy guide!



UNFADING BEAUTY.

This little beautiful sonnet is reprinted from a small volume of
"Poems by Thomas Carew, esq. one of the gentlemen of the privie-
chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his majesty (Charles I.) London,
1640." This elegant, and almost forgotten writer, whose poems
have been deservedly revived, died in the prime of his age, in 1639.
In the original follows a third stanza, which not being of general ap-
plication, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit. *Percy.*

Hee that loves a rosie cheek,
or a corall lip admires,
or from star-like eyes doth seeke,
fuell to maintaine his fires:
as old time makes these decay,
so his flames must waste away.
But a smooth and stedfaste mind,
gentle thoughts and calm desires,
hearts with equal love combin'd,
kindle never-dying fires:

where these are not, I despise
lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

* * * *



ISABELLA,

Queen of King Richard II.

beholding the triumphal entry of his rival Henry Bolingbroke, who
had taken the king prisoner.

Fair Isabella, longing to behold
her long-miss'd love, in fearful jeopardies;
to whom, altho' it had in part been told
of their proceeding, and of his surprise;
yet, thinking they would never be so bold
to lead their lord in any shameful wise,
but rather would conduct him like their king
(as seeking but the state's re-ordering).

Abroad she looks; and notes the foremost train—
and grieves to view some there she wish'd not there:
seeing the chief not come—stays—looks again;
and yet she sees not him that should appear:
then back she stands, and then desires as fain
again to look, to see if he were near:
at length a glitt'ring troop far off she spies,
perceives the throng and hears the shouts and cries.

'Lo! yonder now, at length he comes,' saith she:
'look, my good women, where he is in sight!
do you not see him yonder? that is he,
mounted on that white courser, all in white.
There! where the thronging troops of people be;
I know him by his seat, he sits upright:
lo, now he bows! dear Lord! with what sweet grace!
how long have I long'd to behold that face!

‘ O what delight my heart takes by mine eye!
I doubt me, when he come but something near,
I shall set wide the window. What care I
who doth see me, so him I may see clear?’
Thus doth false joy delude her wrongfully
(sweet lady)! in the thing she held so dear:
for, nearer come, she finds she had mistook;
and him she mark’d was Henry Bolingbroke.

Then envy takes the place in her sweet eyes,
where sorrow had prepar’d herself a seat; [rise,
and words of wrath from whence complaints should
proceed from eager looks, and brows that threat:
‘ Traitor!’ saith she; ‘ is ’t thou, that in this wise,
to brave thy lord and king, art made so great?
and have mine eyes done unto me this wrong
to look on thee? for this staid I so long?

‘ Ah! have they grac’d a perjur’d rebel so?
well; for their error I will weep them out,
and hate the tongue defil’d, that prais’d my foe,
and loath the mind, that gave me not to doubt.
What! have I added shame unto my woe?
I’ll look no more: ladies! look you about,
and tell me if my lord be in this train;
lest my betraying eyes should err again.’

And in this passion turns herself away:—
the rest look all, and careful note each wight;
while she impatient of the least delay,
demands again; ‘ And what not yet in sight?
Where is my lord? What, gone some other way?
I muse at this. O God! grant all go right!’
Then to the window goes again at last,
and sees the chiefest train of all was past;

and see
and ye
At last
fastens
could
then sh
the gr
caus’d

‘ Wha
rides
Some
all are
It may
unto
Then
must

‘ But
In tru
I veri
and y
yet G
and b
let m
and l

‘ Let
for se
This
a pas
O ye
the e
that
with

and sees not him her soul desir'd to see :
and yet Hope, spent, makes her not leave to look.
At last, her love-quick eyes, which ready be,
fastens on one; whom tho' she never took
could be her lord, yet that sad cheer which he
then shew'd, his habit, and his woeful look,
the grace he doth in base attire retain,
caus'd her she could not from his sight refrain.

' What might he be,' she said, ' that thus alone
rides pensive in this universal joy ?
Some I perceive, as well as we, do moan ;
all are not pleas'd with every thing this day.
It may be he laments the wrong is done
unto my lord ; and grieves, as well he may.
Then he is some of ours ; and we, of right,
must pity him, who pities our sad plight.

' But stay ! is 't not my Lord himself I see ?
In truth, if 't were not for his base array,
I verily should think that it were he ;
and yet his baseness doth a grace bewray—
yet God forbid ! let me deceived be !
and be it not my lord ! although it may !
let my desire make vows against desire !
and let my sight approve my sight a liar !

' Let me but see him, like himself ! a king ;
for so he left me ; so he did remove.
This is not he, this feels some other thing ;
a passion of dislike, or else of love !
O yes ! 't is he ! that princely face doth bring
the evidence of majesty to prove :
that face, I have conferr'd, which now I see,
with that within my heart, and they agree !'

Thus as she stood, assur'd, and yet in doubt;
 wishing to see, what seen she griev'd to see;
 having belief yet fain would be without;
 knowing, yet striving not to know 't was he:
 her heart relenting, yet her heart so stout
 as would not yield to think what was, could be:
 till, quite condemn'd by open proof of sight,
 she must confess; or else deny the light.

For, whether love in him did sympathise,
 or chance so wrought, to manifest her doubt,
 ev'n just before, where she thus secret pries,
 he stays, and, with clear face, looks all about;
 when she, 'T is, oh, too true! I know his eyes!
 alas, it is my own dear lord!' cries out;
 and with that cry, sinks down upon the floor.
 Abundant grief lack'd words to utter more.

Then, like a torrent had been stopt before,
 tears, sighs, and words doubled together flow;
 confus'dly striving whether should do more,
 the true intelligence of grief to show.
 Sighs hinder'd words; words perish'd in their store:
 both intermix'd in one, together grow.
 One would do all: the other, more than's part;
 both being equal agents from the heart.

'What!' (intermixing words and tears) said she,
 'are these the triumph for thy victories?
 Is this the glory thou dost bring with thee,
 from that unhappy Irish enterprize?
 And have I made so many vows to see
 thy safe return, and see thee in this wise?
 Is this the look'd-for comfort thou dost bring?
 to come a captive, that went out a king?

'And y
 hath left
 I do re
 thou sti
 If all b
 and tha
 and so
 let grea
 'And
 I will
 I love
 more th
 let that
 and ha
 I marr
 and th
 'But v
 and w
 make s
 the tou
 Ah, no
 for, w
 nor m
 full so
 No:
 thy lo


~~~~~

' And yet, dear lord ! though thy ungrateful land  
hath left thee thus, yet I will take thy part :  
I do remain the same ; under thy hand  
thou still dost rule the kingdom of my heart :  
If all be lost, that government doth stand ;  
and that shall never from thy rule depart :  
and so thou be, I care not how thou be :  
let greatness go, so it go without thee !

' And welcome come, how-so unfortunate !  
I will applaud what others do despise :  
I love thee for thyself, not for thy state :  
more than thyself, is what without thee lies :  
let that more go, if it be in thy fate !  
and having but thyself, it will suffice :  
I married was not to thy crown, but thee ;  
and thou, without a crown, all one to me.

' But why do I here lurking idly, moan  
and wail apart, and in a single part  
make several grief ? which should be both in one,  
the touch being equal of each other's heart.  
Ah, no ! sweet lord ! thou must not moan alone ;  
for, without me, thou art not all thou art ;  
nor my tears, without thine, are fully tears :  
full sorrow in our mingled griefs appears.—  
No : I will cheer thy state ; and thou shalt find  
thy loving queen maintains a royal mind.'

~~~~~

This little sonnet was written by Sir Henry Wotton, knight, on that amiable princess, Elizabeth daughter of James I. and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen king of Bohemia, Sep. 5, 1619. The consequences of this fatal election are well known: Sir Henry Wotton, who in that and the following year was employed in several embassies in Germany on behalf of this unfortunate lady, seems to have had an uncommon attachment to her merit and fortunes, for he gave away a jewel worth a thousand pounds, that was presented to him by the emperor, "because it came from an enemy to his royal mistress the Queen of Bohemia." See Biog. Britan. This song is printed from the "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*," 1651, with some corrections from an old MS. copy. *Percy.*

You meaner beauties of the night,
 which poorly satisfie our eies
 more by your number, than your light;
 you common people of the skies,
 what are you when the sun shall rise?
 Ye violets that first appeare,
 by your pure purple mantles known,
 like the proud virgins of the yeare,
 as if the spring were all your own;
 what are you when the rose is blown?
 Ye curious chaunters of the wood,
 that warble forth dame nature's layes,
 thinking your passions understood
 by your weak accents: what's your praise,
 when Philomell her voyce shall raise?
 So when my mistres shal be seene
 in sweetnesse of her looks and minde;
 by virtue first, then choyce a queen;
 tell me, if she was not design'd
 th' eclypse and glory of her kind?



The
 mende
 which
 merit,
 and En
 lished
 "Pro
 1500.

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYDE.

The sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity, which obscures the style and expression. Indeed if it had no other merit, than the having afforded the groundwork to Prior's Henry and Emma, this ought to preserve it from oblivion. Mat. Prior published this poem in 1718, as then "300 years old." The editor of the "Prolusions," 8vo. 1760, thinks it cannot be older than the year 1500.

Percy.

Be it ryght or wrong, these men among
 on women do complayne;
 affyrmynge this, how that it is
 a labour spent in vayne,
 to love them wele; for never a dele
 they love a man agayne:
 for late a man do what he can,
 theyr favour to attayne,
 yet yf a newe do them pursue,
 theyr first true lover than
 laboureth for nought; for from her thought
 he is a banyshed man.

I say nat, nay, but that all day
 it is bothe writ and sayd
 that womans fayth is, as who sayth,
 all utterly decayed;
 but, neverthesse, ryght good wytnesse
 in this case might be layd,
 that they love true, and continuë:
 recorde the not-browne mayde:
 which, when her love came, her to prove,
 to her to make his mone,

wolde nat depart ; for in hër hart
she loved but hym alone.

Than betwaine us late us dyscus
what was all the manere
betwayne them two : we wyll also
tell all the payne, and fere,
that she was in. Nowe I begyn,
so that ye me answère ;
wherefore, all ye, that present be
I pray you, gyve an ere.
' I am the knyghte ; I come by nyght,
as secret as I can ;
sayinge, alas ! thus standeth the case,
I am a banyshed man.'

She. And I your wyll for to fulfyll
in this wyll nat refuse ;
trustyng to shewe, in wordès fewe
that men have an yll use
(to theyr own shame) women to blame,
and causelesse them accuse :
therfore to you I answere nowe,
all women to excuse,—
myne owne hart dere, with you what chere ?
I pray you, tell anone ;
for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. It standeth so ; a dede is do
whereof grete harme shall growe :
my destiny is for to dy
a shamefull deth, I trowe ;
or elles to fle : the one must be ;
none other way I knowe,

but to withdrawe as an outlawe,
 and take me to my bowe.
 Wherefore, adue, mine owne hart true!
 none other rede I can;
 for I must to the grene wode go,
 alone, a banyshed man.

She. O lord, what is this worldys blysse,
 that changeth as the mone!
 my somers day in lusty may
 is derked before the none.
 I here you say, farewell; nay, nay,
 we départ nat so sone:
 why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?
 alas! what have ye done?
 All my welfare to sorrowe and care
 sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
 for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

He. I can beleve, it shall you greve,
 and somewhat you dystrayne;
 but afterwarde, your paynes harde
 within a day or twayne
 shall sone aslake; and ye shall take
 comfort to you agayne.
 Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought,
 your labour were in vayne.
 And thus I do; and pray you to,
 as hartely, as I can;
 for I must to the grene wode go,
 alone, a banyshed man.

She. Now, syth that ye have shewed to me
 the secret of your mynde,

I shall be playne to you agayne,
 lyke as ye shall me fynde :
 syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
 I wolle not leve behynde ;
 shall never be sayd, the not-browne mayde
 was to her love unkynde :
 make you redy, for so am I,
 allthough it were anone ;
 for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

He. Yet I you rede to take good hede
 what men wyll thynke, and say :
 of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde,
 that ye be gone away ;
 your wanton wyll for to fulfyll
 in grene wode yon to play ;
 and that ye myght from your delyght
 no longer make delay :
 rather than ye sholde thus for me
 be called an yll womàn,
 yet wolde I to the grene wode go,
 alone, a banyshed man.

She. Tho' it be songe of old and yonge,
 that I sholde be to blame,
 theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
 in hurtynge of my name :
 for I wyll prove, that faythfulle love
 it is devoy'd of shame ;
 in your dystresse, and hevynesse,
 to part with you, the same ;
 and sure all tho' that do not so,
 true lovers are they none :

for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. I counceyle you, remember howe
it is no maydens lawe,
nothyng to dout, but to renne out
to wode with an outlawe:
for ye must there in your hand bere
a bowe, redy to drawe;
and, as a thefe, thus must ye lyve,
ever in drede and awe;
wherby to you grete harme myght growe:
yet had I lever than,
that I had to the grene wode go,
alone, a banyshed man.

She. I thinke nat, nay, but as ye say,
it is no maydens lore:
but love may make me for your sake,
as I have sayd before,
to come on fote, to hunt, and shote,
to gete us mete in store;
for so that I your company
may have, I aske no more:
from which to part, it maketh my hart
as colde as ony stone;
for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. For an outlawe this is the lawe,
that men hym take and bynde
without pytè, hanged to be,
and waver with the wynde.
If I had nede, (as God forbede!)
what rescous coude ye fynde?

forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
 for fere wolde drawe behynde :
 and no mervayle : for lytell awayle
 were in your counceyle than :
 wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
 alone, a banyshed man.

She. Ryghte wele knowe ye, that women be
 but feble for to fyght ;
 no womanhede it is indede
 to be bolde as a knyght :
 yet, in such fere yf that ye were
 with enemyes day or nyght,
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
 to greve them as I myght,
 and you to save ; as woman have
 from deth men many one :
 for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

He. Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede
 that ye coude nat sustayne
 the thornie wayes, the depe valèies,
 the snowe, the frost, the rayne,
 the colde, the hete : for dry, or wete,
 we must lodge on the playne ;
 and, us above, none other rofe
 but a brake bush, or twayne :
 which sone sholde greve you, I beleve ;
 and ye wolde gladly than
 that I had to the grene wode go,
 alone, a banyshed man.

She. Syth I have here bene partynèr
 with you of joy and blysse,

I must also parte of your wo
endure, as reson is :
yet am I sure of one plesùre ;
and, shortely, it is this :
that, where ye be, me semeth, pardè,
I coude nat fare amysse.
Without more speche, I you beseche
that we were sone agone ;
for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. If ye go thyder, ye must consyder,
when ye have lust to dyne,
there shall no mete be for you gete,
nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.
Ne shetès clene, to lye betwene,
maden of threde and twyne ;
none other house, but leves and bowes,
to cover your hed and myne.
O myne harte swete, this evyll dyète
sholde make you pale and wan ;
wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
alone, a banyshed man.

She. Amonge the wylde dere, such a archère,
as men say that ye be,
ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,
where is so grete plentè :
and water clere of the ryvère
shall be full swete to me ;
with which in hele I shall ryght wele
endure, as ye shall see :
and, or we go, a bedde or two
I can provyde anone ;

for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
yf ye wyll go with me :
as cut your here up by your ere,
your kyrtel by the kne ;
with bowe in hande for to withstande
your enemyes, yf nede be :
and this same nyght before day-lyght,
to wode-warde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
do it shortely as ye can ;
els wyll I to the grene wode go,
alone, a banyshed man.

She. I shall as nowe do more for you
than longeth to womanhede ;
to shorte my here, a bowe to bere,
to shote in tyme of nede.
O my swete mother, before all other
for you I have most drede :
but nowe, adue ! I must ensue,
where fortune doth me lede.
All this make ye : nowe let us fle ;
the day cometh fast upon ;
for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. Nay, nay, nat so ; ye shall nat go,
and I shall tell ye why,—
your appetyght is to be lyght
of love, I wele espy :
for, lyke as ye have sayd to me,
in lyke wyse hardely

ye wolde answer whosoever it were,
 in way of company.
 It is sayd of olde, sone hote, sone colde;
 and so is a woman;
 wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
 alone, a banyshed man.

She. Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
 such wordes to say by me;
 for oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,
 or I you loved, pardè:
 and though that I of auncestry
 a barons daughter be,
 yet have you proved howe I you loved
 a squyer of lowe degré;
 and ever shall, whatso befall;
 to dy therfore anone;
 for, in my mynde, of all mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

He. A barons chylde to be begylde!
 it were a cursed dede;
 to be felawe with an outlawe!
 almighty God forbede!
 yet beter were, the pore squyere
 alone to forest yede,
 than ye sholde say another day,
 that, by my cursed dede,
 ye were betrayd: wherfore, good mayde,
 the best rede that I can,
 is, that I to the grene wode go,
 alone, a banyshed man.

She. Whatever befall, I never shall
 of this thyng you upbrayd:

but yf ye go, and leve me so,
 than have ye me betrayd.
 Remember you wele, howe that you dele;
 for, yf ye, as ye sayd,
 be so unkynde, to leve behynde,
 your love the not-browne mayde,
 trust me truly, that I shall dy
 sone after ye be gone;
 for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

He. Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent;
 for in the forest nowe
 I have purvayed me of a mayde,
 whom I love more than you;
 another fayrèrè, than ever ye were,
 I dare it wele avowe;
 and of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe
 with other, as I trowe:
 it were myne ese to lyve in pese;
 so wyll I, yf I can;
 wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
 alone, a banyshed man.

She. Though in the wode I undyrstode
 ye had a paramour,
 all this may nought remove my thought,
 but that I wyll be your:
 and she shall fynde me soft and kynde,
 and courteys every hour;
 glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
 commaunde me to my power:
 for had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
 'of them I wolde be one;'

for, in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

He. Myne owne dere love, I se the prove
that ye be kynde, and true;
of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
the best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
the case is chaunged newe;
for it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
ye sholde have cause to rewe:
be nat dismayed; whatsoever I sayd
to you, whan I began;
I wyll nat to the grene wode go,
I am no banyshed man.

She. These tydings be more gladd to me,
than to be made a quene,
yf I were sure they sholde endure:
but it is often sene,
whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke
the wordés on the splene.
Ye shāpe some wyle me to begyle,
and stele from me, I wene:
than, were the case worse than it was,
and I more wo-begone:
for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. Ye shall nat nede further to drede;
I wyll nat dysparāge
you, (God defend!) syth ye descend
of so grete a lynāge.
Nowe undyrstande; to Westmarlande,
which is myne herytage,

I wyll you brynge; and with a rynge,
by way of maryage

I wyll you take, and lady make,
as shortely as I can:

thus have you won an erlys son,
and not a banyshed man.'

Author. ' Here may ye se, that women be
in love, meke, kynde, and stable:
late never man reprove them than,
or call them variable;
but rather, pray God, that we may
to them be comfortable;
which sometyne proveth such, as he loveth,
yf they be charytable.
For syth men wolde than women sholde
be meke to them each one;
moche more ought they to God obey,
and serve but hym alone.



while pri
—are pro
printed a

Oh, Fo
hath

witnes
coul

Thou
from b

caus
and

But by
so God

A. I

The f
author's
in the p
fore be

VERSES BY QUEEN ELIZABETH

while prisoner at Woodstock ;—written with charcoal on a shutter,
—are preserved by Hentzner, in that part of his travels elegantly re-
printed at Strawberry-hill.

Oh, Fortune ! how thy restlesse wavering state
hath fraught with cares my troubled witt !
witnes this present prisonn, whither fate
could beare me, and the joys I quitt.
Thou causedst the guiltie to be losed
from bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed :
causing the guiltles to be strait reserved,
and freeing those that death had well deserved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
so God send to my foes all they have thoughte.
A. D. MDLV. Elizabethæ, Prisonner.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION,

BY GEORGE WITHER.

The following sonnet is extracted from a long pastoral piece of the
author's, intituled, " The Mistresse of Philarete," 8vo, which is said
in the preface to be one of the author's first poems : and may there-
fore be dated as early as 1613. *Percy.*

Shall I, wasting in despaire,
dye because a woman's faire ?
or make pale my cheeks with care
'cause another's rosie are ?
Be shee fairer then the day,
or the flowery meads in May ;
if shee think not well of me,
what care I how fair shee be ?

Shall my heart be griev'd or pin'd,
 'cause I see a woman kind ?
 or a well-disposed nature
 joyned with a lovely feature ?
 Be shee meeker, kinder than
 the turtle-dove or pelican ;
 if shee be not so to me,
 what care I how kind shee be ?
 Shall a woman's virtues move
 me to perish for her love ?
 Or her well-deservings knowne,
 make me quite forget mine owne ?
 Be shee with that goodnesse blest
 which may merit name of best ;
 if shee be not such to me,
 what care I how good shee be ?
 'Cause her fortune seemes to high,
 shall I play the foole and die ?
 Those that beare a noble minde,
 where they want of riches find,
 think what with them they would doe,
 that without them dare to wee ;
 and unlesse that minde I see,
 what care I though great shee be ?
 Great or good, or kind, or faire,
 I will ne'er the more despaire ;
 if shee love me, this beleewe,
 I will die ere shee shall grieve ;
 if shee slight me when I wooe,
 I can scorne and let her goe :
 if shee be not fit for me,
 what care I for whom shee be ?



Most o
 and the b
 historian
 concubin
 body was
 had been
 cent par
 when H

W

b

M

a

H

h

T

a

.

f

.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

Most of the circumstances of this popular story of King Henry 2, and the beautiful Rosamond, have been taken for fact by our English historians. Rosamond, the daughter of Walter lord Clifford, was concubine to Henry 2, and dyed at Woodstocke, A. D. 1177. Her body was conveyed to the nunnery of Godstow, to which her father had been a great benefactor, and where she had resided in the innocent part of her life, in which place it remained till the year 1191, when Hugh, Bishop of London caused it to be removed.

When as king Henry rulde this land,
the second of that name,
besides the queene, he dearly lovde
a faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
her favour, and her face;
a sweeter creature in this worlde
could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
appeard to each mans sight;
her sparkling eyes, like orient pearles,
did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
did such a colour drive,
as tho' the lillye and the rose
for mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, faire Rosamonde,
her name was called so,
to whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
was known a deadlye foe.

The king therefore, for her defence,
against the furious queene,

at Woodstocke builded such a bower,
the like was never scene.

Most curiously that bower was built
of stone and timber strong,
an hundred and fifty doors
did to this bower belong :

and they so cunninglye contriv'd
with turnings round about,
that none but with a clue of thread,
could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
that was so faire and bright,
the keeping of this bower he gave
unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne
where she before did smile,
the kinges delighte and ladyes joy
full soon shee did beguile :

for why, the kinges ungracious sonne,
whom he did high advance,
against his father raised warres
within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king
the English land forsooke,
of Rosamonde, his lady faire,
his farewelle thus he tooke :

' My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
that pleasest best mine eye :
the fairest flower in all the worlde
to feed my fantasye :

the flower of mine affected heart,
whose sweetness doth excelle :

my royal Rose, a thousand times
I bid thee nowe farewelle !

for I must leave my fairest flower,
my sweetest Rose, a space,
and cross the seas to famous France,
proud rebelles to abase.

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
my coming shortle see,
and in my heart, when hence I am,
Ile beare my Rose with mee.'

When Rosamonde, that lady brighte,
did heare the king saye soe,
the sorrowe of her grieved heart
her outward lookes did showe ;
and from her cleare and crystall eyes
the teares gusht out apace,
which like the silver-pearled dewe
ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,
did waxe both wan and pale,
and for the sorrow she conceivde
her vitall spirits faile ;

and falling down all in a swoone
before king Henryes face,
full oft he in his princelye armes
her bodye did embrace :

and twentye times, with watery eyes,
he kist her tender cheeke,
untill he had revivde againe
her senses milde and meeke.

' Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose ?'
the king did often say.

'Because,' quoth shee, 'to bloody warres
my lord must part awaye.

But since your grace on forrayne coastes
amonge your foes unkinde
must goe to hazard life and limbe,
why should I staye behinde ?

Nay rather, let me, like a page,
your sworde and target beare ;
that on my breast the blowes may lighte,
which would offend you there.

Or lett mee, in your royal tent,
prepare your bed at nighte,
and with sweete baths refresh your grace,
at your returne from fighte.

So I your presence may enjoye
no toile I will refuse ;
but wanting you, my life is death ;
nay, death Ild rather chuse !'

'Content thy self, my dearest love ;
thy rest at home shall bee
in Englandes sweet and pleasant isle ;
for travell fits not thee.

Faire ladies brooke not bloody warres ;
soft peace their sexe delightes ;
" Not rugged campes, but courtlye bowers ;
gay feastes, not cruell fightes."

My Rose shall safely here abide,
with musicke passe the daye ;
whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes,
my foes seeke far awaye.

My Rose shall shine in pearle, and golde,
whilst I me in armour dighte ;

gay galliards here my love shall dance,
whilst I my foes go fighte.

And you, sir Thomas, whom I truste
to bee my loves defence;
be carefull of my gallant Rose
when I am parted hence.'

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
as though his heart would breake:
and Rosamonde, for very grieffe,
not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte
in heart be grieved sore:
after that daye faire Rosamonde
the king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,
and into France was gone;
with envious heart, queene Ellinor,
to Woodstocke came anone.

And forth shee calls this trustye knighte,
in an unhappy houre;
who with his clue of twined thread,
came from this famous bower.

And when that they had wounded him,
the queene this thread did gette,
and went where ladye Rosamonde
was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye
beheld her beauteous face,
she was amazed in her minde
at her exceeding grace.

'Cas off from thee those robes,' shee said,
'that riche and costlye bee;

and drink thou up this deadly draught,
which I have brought to thee.

Then presently upon her kness
sweet Rosamonde did falle;
and pardon of the queene shee crav'd
for her offences all.

'Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,'
faire Rosamonde did crye;
and lett mee not with poison stronge
enforced bee to dye.

I will renounce my sinfull life,
and in some cloyster bide;
or else be banisht, if you please,
to range the world soe wide.

And for the fault which I have done,
tho' I was forced theretoe,
preserve my life, and punish mee,
as you thinke meet to doe.'

And with these words, her lillie handes
she wrunge full often there;
and downe along her lovelye face
did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
therewith appeased bee;
the cup of deadlye poyson stronge,
as shee knelt on her knee,

she gave this comelye dame to drinke;
who tooke it in her hand,
and from her bended knee arose,
and on her feet did stand:

and casting up her eyes to heaven,
shee did for mercy calle;

and drinking up the poison stronge,
her life shee lost withalle.

And when that death through everye limbe
had showde its greatest spite,
her chiefest foes did plaine confesse
shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
when life was fled away,
at Godstowe, neare to Oxford towne,
as may be seene this day.



THE LYE,

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Goe, soule, the bodies guest,
upon a thanklesse arrant;
feare not to touche the best,
the truth shall be thy warrant;
goe, since I needs must dye,
and give the world the lye.

Goe tell the court, it glowes
and shines like rotten wood;
goe tell the church it showes
what's good, and doeth no good:
if church and court reply,
then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates they live
acting by others actions;
not lov'd unlesse they give,
not strong but by their factions:
if potentates reply,
give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
that rule affairs of state,
their purpose is ambition,
their practise onely hate;
and if they once reply,
then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most,
they beg for more by spending,
who in their greatest cost
seek nothing but commending;
and if they make reply,
spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion;
tell love, it is but lust;
tell time, it is but motion;
tell flesh, it is but dust;
and wish them not reply,
for thou must give the lye.

Tell age, it daily wasteth;
tell honour, how it alters;
tell beauty, how she blasteth;
tell favour how she falters;
and as they shall reply,
give each of them the lye.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
in tickle points of nicenesse;
tell wisdom, she entangles
herselfe in over-wisenesse;
and if they do reply,
sraight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse;
tell skill, it is pretension;

tell charity of coldness;
tell law, it is contention;
and as they yield reply,
so give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse;
tell nature of decay;
tell friendship of unkindnesse;
tell justice of delay:
and if they dare reply,
then give them all the lye.

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,
but vary by esteeming;
tell schooles, they want profoundnesse,
and stand too much on seeming:
if arts and schooles reply,
give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith, it's fled the citie;
tell how the countrey erreth;
tell, manhood shakes off pitie;
tell, vertue least preferreth;
and, if they doe reply,
spare not to give the lye.

So when thou hast, as I
commanded thee, done blabbing,
although to give the lye
deserves no less than stabbing,
yet stab at thee who will,
no stab the soule can kill.



KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF
CANTERBURY.

An ancient story Ile tell you anon,
of a notable prince, that was called king John;
and he ruled England with maine and with might,
for he did great wrong, and maintain'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrie,
concerning the Abbot of Canterburye;
how for his house-keeping, and high renowne,
they rode post for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
the abbot kept in his house every day;
and fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
in velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
and for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne;
and I trust, your grace will doe me no deere,
for spending of my owne true-gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
and now for the same thou needest must dye;
for except thou canst answer me questions three,
thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead,
with my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
among all my liege-men so noble of birthe
thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secor
how
and
but
O, t
nor
but
Ile
Nov
and
for
thy
Aw
and
but
tha
Th
and
ho
wh
' S
tha
fo
m
T
w
an
to
T
h
a
b

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
how soone I may ride the whole world about;
and at the third question thou must not shrink,
but tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
nor I cannot answer your grace as yet;
but if you will give me but three weeks space,
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
and that is the longest time thou hast to live;
for if thou dost not answer my questions three,
thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
and he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
but never a doctor there was so wise,
that could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
and he mett his shepherd a going to fold:
how now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home:
what newes do you bring us from good king John?

'Sad newes, sad newes, shepherd, I must give;
that I have but three days more to live:
for if I do not answer him questions three,
my head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
with his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
among all his liege men so noble of birth,
to within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
how soone he may ride this whole world about:
and at the third question I must not shrinke,
but tell him there truly what he does thinke.'

' Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
that a fool he may learn a wise man witt ?
lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
and Ile ride to London to answer your quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath been told unto mee,
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee :
and if you will but lend me your gowne,
there is none shall knowe us at fair London towne.'

' Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,
with sumptuous array most gallant and brave;
with crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope.'

' Now welcome, sire abbot,' the king he did say,
' 'Tis well thou 'rt come back to keepe thy day ;
for an if thou canst answer my questions three
thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
with my crown of golde so fair on my head,
among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
tell me to one penny what I am worth.'

' For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
among the false Jewes, as I have bin told ;
and twentye nine is the worth of thee,
for I thinke, thou art one penny worsen than hee.'

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,*
I did not thinke I had been worth so littel!

—Now secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
how soone I may ride this whole world about.

' You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
until the next morning he riseth againe;

* Meaning probably St. Botolph.

and then your grace need not make any doubt,
but in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about.'

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,

'I did not think, it could be gone so soone!

—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
but tell me here truly what I do thinke.'

'Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry :

you thinke I 'm the abbot of Canterbury ;

but I 'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
that am come to beg pardon for him and for mee.'

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,

'Ile make the lord abbot this day in his place!'

'Nowe naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
for lacke I can neither write, ne reade.'

'Four nobles a weeke, then I will give thee,

for this merry jest thou hast shown unto mee ;

and tell the old abbot when thou comest home,

thou hast brought him a pardon from good king John.'



THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD.

Hence away, you syrens, leave me,

and unclaspe your wanton armes ;

sugred words shall ne'er deceive me,

(tho' you prove a thousand charmes).

Fie, fie, forbear ;

no common snare

could ever my affection chaine :

your painted baits,

and poore deceits,

are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I'm no slave to such as you be;
neither shall a snowy brest
wanton eye, or lip of ruby
ever robb me of my rest:
goe, goe, display
your beautie's ray
to some ore-soone enamour'd swaine:
those common wiles
of sighs and smiles
are all bestowed on me in vaine.
I have elsewhere vow'd a dutie;
turne away your tempting eyes:
show not me a naked beautie;
those impostures I despise:
my spirit lothes
where gawdy clothes
and fained othes may love obtaine:
I love her so,
whose looke sweares No;
that all your labours will be vaine.
Can he prize the tainted posies,
which on every brest are worne;
that may plucke the spotless roses
from their never-touched thorne?
I can goe rest
on her sweet brest,
that is the pride of Cynthia's traine:
then hold your tongues;
your mermaid songs
are all bestowed on me in vaine.
Hee's a foole, that basely dallies,
where each peasant mates with him:
shall I haunt the thronged vallies,

whilst ther's noble hills to climbe?
no, no, though clownes
are skar'd with frownes,
I know the best can but disdaine;
and those Ile prove:
so shall your love
be all bestowed on me in vaine.
I doe scorne to vow a dutie,
where each lustfull lad may wooe:
give me her, whose sun-like beautie
buzzards dare not soare unto:
shee, shee it is
affoords that blisse
for which I would refuse no paine:
but such as you,
fond fooles, adieu;
you seeke to captive me in vaine.
Leave me then, you syrens, leave me;
seeke no more to worke my harmes:
craftie wiles cannot deceive me,
who am prooffe against your charmes:
you labour may
to lead astray
the heart, that constant shall remaine:
and I the while
will sit and smile
to see you spend your time in vaine.



THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

The subject of this very popular ballad (which has been set in so favourable a light by the Spectator, no. 85.) seems to be taken from an old play, intituled "Two lamentable Tragedies, the one of the murder of Maister Beech, a chandler in Thames-streete, &c. The other of a young child murdered in a wood by two ruffians, with the consent of his unkle. By Rob. Yarrington, 1601, 4to."

Now ponder well, ye parents deare,
these wordes, which I shall write;
a doleful story you shall heare,
in time brought forth to light:
a gentleman of good account
in Norfolke dwelt of late,
who did in honour far surmount
most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
no helpe his life could save;
his wife by him as sicke did lye,
and both possest one grave.
No love between these two was lost
each was to other kinde,
in love they liv'd, in love they dyed,
and left two babes behinde;
the one a fine and pretty boy,
not passing three yeares olde;
the other a girl more young than he,
and fram'd in beautyes molde.
The father left his little son,
as plainly doth appeare,
when he to perfect age should come,
three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
five hundred poundes in gold,
to be paid downe on marriage-day,
which might not be controll'd :
but if the children chance to dye,
ere they to age should come,
their uncle should possesse their wealth ;
for so the will did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
look to my children deare ;
be good unto my boy and girl,
no friendes else have they here :
to God and you I recommend
my children deare this daye ;
but little while be sure we have
within this world to staye.

You must be father and mother both,
and uncle all in one ;
God knowes what will become of them,
when I am dead and gone.
With that bespake their mother deare,
O brother kinde, quoth shee,
you are the man must bring our babes
to wealth or miserie :

And if you keep them carefully,
then God will you reward ;
but if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deedes regard.
With lippes as cold as any stone,
they kist their children small :
God bless you both, my children deare !
with that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
to this sicke couple there,
the keeping of your little ones
sweet sister, do not feare ;
God never prosper me nor mine,
nor aught else that I have,
if I do wrong your children deare,
when you are layd in grave.

The parents being dead and gone,
the children home he takes,
and bringes them straite unto his house,
where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
a twelvemonth and a daye,
but for their wealth, he did devise
to make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
which were of furious mood,
that they should take these children young,
and slaye them in a wood :
he told his wife an artful tale,
he would the children send
to be brought up in faire London,
with one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
rejoicing at that tide,
rejoicing with a merry minde,
they should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
as they rode on the waye,
to those that should their butchers be,
and work their lives decaye.



So that the pretty speeche they had,
made Murders heart relent;
and they that undertooke the deed,
full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
did vowe to do his charge,
because the wretch that hired him,
had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
so here they fall to strife;
with one another they did fight,
about the childrens life:
and he that was of mildest mood,
did slaye the other there,
within an unfrequented wood,
while babes did quake for feare.

He took the children by the hand,
teares standing in their eye,
and bad them straitwaye follow him,
and look they did not crye:
and two long miles he ledd them on,
while they for food complaine:
staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
when I come backe againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
went wandering up and downe,
but never more could see the man
approaching from the town:
their prettye lippes with black-berries,
were all besmear'd and dyed,
and when they saw the darksome night,
they sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
till deathe did end their grief,
in one anothers armes they dyed,
as wanting due relief :
no burial this pretty pair
of any man receives,
till robin-red-breast piously
did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
upon their uncle fell ;
yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
his conscience felt an hell :
his barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,
his landes were barren made,
his cattle dyed within the field,
and nothing with him stayd.

And in a voyage to Portugal
two of his sonnes did dye ;
and to conclude, himselfe was brought
to want and miserye :
he pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
ere seven yeares came about.

And now at length this wicked act
did by this meanes come out.

The fellowe, that did take in hand
these children for to kill,
was for a robbery judged to dye,
such was Gods blessed will ;
who did confess the very truth,
as here hath been display'd :
their uncle having dyed in gaol,
where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
and overseers eke
of children that be fatherless,
and infants mild and meek;
take you example by this thing,
and yield to each his right,
lest God with such like miserye
your wicked minds requite.



CONSTANT PENELOPE.

When Greeks, and Trojans fell at strife,
and lords in armour bright were seen;
when many a gallant lost his life
about fair Hellen, beauties queen;
Ulysses, general so free,
did leave his dear Penelope.

When she this wofull news did hear,
that he would to the warrs of Troy;
for grief she shed full many a tear,
at parting from her only joy;
her ladies all about her came,
to comfort up this Grecian dame.

Ulysses, with a heavy heart,
unto her then did mildly say,
the time is come that we must part;
my honour calls me hence away;
yet in my absence, dearest, be
my constant wife, Penelope.

Let me no longer live, she sayd,
then to my lord I true remain;
my honour shall not be betray'd

until I see my love again ;
for I will ever constant prove,
as is the loyal turtle-dove.

Thus did they part with heavy chear,
and to the ships his way he took ;
her tender eyes dropt many a tear ;
still casting many a longing look :
she saw him on the surges glide,
and unto Neptune thus she cry'd :
thou god, whose power is in the deep,
and rulest in the ocean main,
my loving lord in safety keep
till he return to me again :
that I his person may behold,
to me more precious far than gold.

Then straight the ships with nimble sails
were all convey'd out of her sight :
her cruel fate she then bewails,
since she had lost her hearts delight :
now shall my practice be, quoth she,
true vertue and humility.

My patience I will put in ure,
my charity I will extend ;
since for my woe there is no cure,
the helpless now I will befriend :
the widow and the fatherless,
I will relieve, when in distress.

Thus she continued year by year
in doing good to every one ;
her fame was noised every where,
to young and old the same was known ;
no company that she would mind,

who were to vanity inclin'd.

Mean while Ulysses fought for fame,
'mongst Trojans hazarding his life :
young gallants, hearing of her name,
came flocking for to tempt his wife :
for she was lovely, young, and fair,
no lady might with her compare.

With costly gifts and jewels fine,
they did endeavour her to win ;
with banquets and the choicest wine,
for to allure her unto sin :
most persons were of high degree,
who courted fair Penelope.

With modesty and comely grace,
their wanton suits she did denye ;
no tempting charms could e'er deface
her dearest husband's memorye ;
but constant she would still remain,
hoping to see him once again.

Her book her dayly comfort was,
and that she often did peruse ;
she seldom looked in her glass ;
powder and paint she ne'er would use :
I wish all ladies were as free
from pride, as was Penelope.

She in her needle took delight,
and likewise in her spinning-wheel ;
her maids about her every night
did use the distaff and the reel :
the spiders, that on rafters twine,
scarce spin a thread more soft and fine.
Sometimes she would bewail the loss

and absence of her dearest love :
sometimes she thought the seas to cross,
her fortune on the waves to prove :
I fear my lord is slain, quoth she,
he stays sō from Penelope.

At length the ten years siege of Troy
did end ; in flames the city burn'd ;
and to the Grecians was great joy,
to see the towers to ashes turn'd :
then came Ulysses home to see
his constant, dear, Penelope.

O blame her not if she was glad,
when she her lord again had seen.
Thrice-welcome home, my dear, she said,
a long time absent thou hast been :
the wars shall never more deprive
me of my lord whilst I 'me alive.

Fair ladies all example take ;
and hence a worthy lesson learn,
all youthful follies to forsake,
and vice from vertue to discern :
and let all women strive to be,
as constant as Penelope.



THE WOUNDED FAWN,

BY ANDREW MARVEL.

The wanton troopers riding by,
have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
who kill'd thee: thou ne'er didst, alive,
them any harm: alas! nor could
thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wish'd them ill;
nor do I for all this—nor will—
but, if my simple prayers may yet
prevail with heaven to forget
thy murder, I will join my tears
rather than fail. But, O my fears!
it cannot die so: heaven's King
keeps register of every thing;
and nothing we may use in vain,
ev'n beasts must be with justice slain;
else men are made their deodands:
tho' they should wash their guilty hands
in this warm life-blood, which doth part
from thine, and wound me to the heart!
yet could they not be clean: their stain
is dy'd in such a purple grain.
There is not such another in
the world, to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
one morning (I remember well)
ty'd in this silver chain and bell,
give it to me; nay, and I know
what he then said, I'm sure I do.

Said he, ' Look how your huntsman here
hath taught a fawn to hunt his dear.'
But Sylvio soon had me beguil'd :
this waxed tame, while he grew wild,
and, quite regardless of my smart,
left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
my solitary time away
with this : and very well content
could so mine idle life have spent.
For it was full of sport : and light
of foot, and heart ; and did invite
me to its game : it seem'd to bless
itself in me : how could I less
than love it ? O, I cannot be
unkind t' a beast that loveth me !

Had it liv'd long, I do not know
whether it too might have done so
as Sylvio did : his gifts might be,
perhaps, as false or more than he :
but I am sure, for ought that I
could in so short a time espy,
thy love was far more better than
the love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
I it at my own fingers nurst ;
and as it grew, so every day
it wax'd more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath ! and oft
it blush'd to see its foot more soft
and white, than—shall I say my hand ?
nay, any lady's of the land.
It is a wond'rous thing, how fleet

't was on those little silver feet !
with what a pretty skipping grace
it oft would challenge me the race ;
and when 't had left me far away,
't would stay, and run again, and stay :
for it was nimbler much than hinds ;
and trod, as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
but so with roses overgrown,
and lilies, that you would it guess
to be a little wilderness :
and all the spring-time of the year
it only loved to be there.

Among the bed of lilies, I
have sought it oft, where it should lie ;
yet could not, till itself should rise,
find it although before my eyes :
for, in the flaxen lilies shade,
it like a band of lilies laid.

Upon the roses it would feed,
until its lips e'en seem'd to bleed ;
and then to me would boldly trip,
and print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
on roses thus itself to fill ;
and its pure virgin limbs to fold
in whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it liv'd long, it would have been
lilies without, roses within.

O help ! O help ! I see it faint—
and die—as calmly as a saint—
See how it weeps ! the tears do come
sad slowly dropping, like a gum.

so weeps the wounded balsam ! so
the holy frankincense doth flow !
the brotherless Heliades
melt in such amber tears as these.

I, in a golden vial, will
keep these two crystal tears ; and fill
it, till it overflow with mine :
then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanish'd to
whither the swans and turtles go :
in fair Elysium to endure,
with milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.
O do not run too fast, for I
will but bespeak thy grave, and die !

First, my unhappy statue shall
be cut in marble ; and withal
let it be weeping too ;—but there
th' engraver sure his art may spare !
for I so truly thee bemoan,
that I shall weep though I be stone ;
until my tears, still dropping, wear
my breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
of purest alabaster made ;
for I would have thine image be
white as I can, though not as thee.



Fro
Mr. A
tator,

THE WANTON WIFE OF BATH.

From an ancient copy in black-print, in the Pepys collection.
Mr. Addison has pronounced this an excellent ballad : see the Spectator, no. 248.

In Bath a wanton wife did dwelle,
as Chaucer he doth write ;
who did in pleasure spend her dayes,
and many a fond delight.
Upon a time sore sicke she was,
and at the length did dye ;
and then her soul at heaven gate
did knocke most mightilye.
First Adam came unto the gate :
who knocketh there ? quoth hee.
I am the wife of Bath, she sayd,
and faine would come to thee.
Thou art a sinner, Adam sayd,
and here no place shalt have.
And so art thou, I trowe, quoth shee ;
now, gip, you doting knave.
I will come in, in spight, she sayd,
of all such churles as thee ;
thou wert the causer of our woe,
our paine and misery ;
and first broke Gods commandiments,
in pleasure of thy wife.—
When Adam heard her tell this tale,
he ranne away for life.
Then downe came Jacob at the gate,
and bids her packe to hell ;

thou false deceiving knave, quoth she,
thou mayst be there as well :
for thou deceiv'dst thy father deare,
and thine own brother too.
Away slunk Jacob presently,
and made no more adoo.

She knockes again with might and maine,
and Lot he chides her strait.
How now, quoth shee, thou drunken ass,
who bade thee here to prate ?
with thy two daughters thou didst lye,
on them two bastardes got.
And thus most tauntingly she chaft
against poor silly Lot.

Who calleth there, quoth Judith then,
with such shrill sounding notes ?
This fine minkes surely came not here,
quoth she, for cutting throats.
Good Lord, how Judith blush'd for shame,
when she heard her say soe !
King David hearing of the same,
he to the gate would goe.

Quoth David, who knockes there so loud,
and maketh all this strife ?
You were more kinde, good sir, she sayd,
unto Uriah's wife.

And when thy servant thou didst cause
in battle to be slaine ;
thou causedst far more strife than I,
who would come here so faine.
The woman's mad, quoth Solomon,

that thus doth taunt a king.
Not half so mad as you, she sayd,
I trowe, in manye a thing :
thou hadst seven hundred wives at once,
for whom thou didst provide ;
and yet, god wot, three hundred whores
thou must maintaine beside :
and they made thee forsake thy God,
and worship stockes and stones ;
besides the charge they put thee to
in breeding of young bones.
Hadst thou not bin beside thy wits,
thou wouldst not thus have ventur'd ;
and therefore I do marvel much,
how thou this place hast enter'd.
I never heard, quoth Jonas then,
so vile a scold as this.
Thou whore-son run-away, quoth she,
thou diddest more amiss.
They say, quoth Thomas, womens tongues
of aspen-leaves are made.
Thou unbelieving wretch, quoth she,
all is not true that 's sayd.
When Mary Magdalene heard her then,
she came unto the gate.
Quoth she, good woman you must think
upon your former state.
No sinner enters in this place,
quoth Mary Magdalene. Then
't were ill for you, fair mistress mine,
she answered her again :
h

you for you honestye, quoth she,
had once been ston'd to death ;
had not our Saviour Christ come by,
and written on the earth :

it was not by your occupation,
you are become divine :
I hope my soul in Christ his passion,
shall be as safe as thine.

Uprose the good apostle Paul,
and to this wife he cryed,
except thou shake thy sins away
thou here shalt be denyed.

Remember, Paul, what thou hast done,
all through a lewd desire :
how thou didst persecute God's church,
with wrath as hot as fire.

Then up starts Peter at the last,
and to the gate he hies :
fond fool, quoth he, knock not so fast,
thou weariest Christ with cries.

Peter, said she, content thyselfe,
for mercye may be won :
I never did deny my Christ,
as thou thyselfe hast done.

When as our Saviour Christ heard this,
with heavenly angels bright,
he comes unto this sinful soul ;
who trembled at his sight.

Of him for mercye she did crave.

Quoth he, thou hast refus'd
my proffer'd grace, and mercye both,
and much my name abus'd.

Sore have I sinned, Lord, she sayd,
and spent my time in vaine;
but bring me like a wandring sheepe
into thy fold againe.

O Lord my God, I will amend
my former wicked vice:
the thief for one poor silly word
past into paradise.

My lawes and my commandiments,
sayth Christ, were knowne to thee;
but of the same in any wise,
not yet one word did yee.

I grant the same, O Lord, quoth she;
most lewdly did I live;
but yet the loving father did
his prodigal son forgive.

So I forgive thy soul, he sayd,
through thy repenting crye;
come enter then into my rest,
I will not thee denye.



Victorious men of earth, no more
 proclaim how wide your empires are ;
 though you binde in every shore,
 and your triumphs reach as far
 as night or day,
 yet you proud monarchs must obey,
 and mingle with forgotten ashes, when
 death calis yee to the croud of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
 each able to undo mankind,
 death's servile emissaries are :
 nor to these alone confin'd,
 he hath at will
 more quaint and subtle wayes to kill ;
 a smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
 shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.



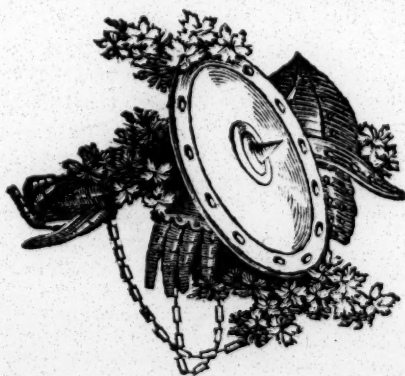
THE SWEET NEGLECT,

BY BEN JONSON.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
 as you were going to a feast :
 still to be poud'red, still perfum'd :
 lady, it is to be presum'd,
 though art's hid causes are not found,
 all is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face,
 that makes simplicitie a grace ;

robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
such sweet neglect more taketh me,
than all th' adulteries of art,
that strike mine eyes, but not my heart.





T
S
"
"
K
I
T
"
T
"

CONTENTS.

	page.
To the Lute in Musicke - - - - -	5
Song of the Willow - - - - -	6
"Take, oh take those lips away," by Beaumont and Fletcher -	10
"Crabbed age and youth," by W. Shakespeare - - -	10
King Leir and his three Daughters - - - - -	11
Death's final Conquest - - - - -	17
The Friar of Orders Gray - - - - -	18
"My minde to me a kingdome is," - - - - -	22
The golden Mean - - - - -	23
The Character of a happy Life, by Wotton - - -	24
The patient Countess, by W. Warner - - - - -	25
Winifreda - - - - -	31
Bryan and Pereene, by Dr. Grainger - - - - -	33
Alcanzor and Zayda, by Bishop Percy - - - - -	35
Unfading Beauty, by T. Carew - - - - -	38
Isabella - - - - -	39
"You meaner beauties of the night," by Sir Henry Wotton -	44
The Not-browne Mayde - - - - -	45
Verses by Queen Elizabeth - - - - -	57
The Shepherd's Resolution, by George Wither - - -	57
Fair Rosamond - - - - -	59
The Lye, by Sir Walter Raleigh - - - - -	65
King John and the Abbot of Canterbury - - - - -	68
The Stedfast Shepherd - - - - -	71
The Children in the Wood - - - - -	74
Constant Penelope - - - - -	79
The wounded Fawn, by Andrew Marvel - - - - -	83
The wanton Wife of Bath - - - - -	87
"Victorious men of Earth, no more" - - - - -	92
The sweet Neglect, by Ben Jonson - - - - -	93

24
23
27
29
31
36
38
42
50

3

1
24

23

16
21
25
26
30
32
34

40

20

51

8
9
10
11

4
5
6

MORAL TALES.

14 The grateful Tusk ; Alcander & Septimius ; the Horse ; &c.	3
22 Old Edwards ; Recluse and his Dog ; Morning of Autumn ; &c.	3
27 Father Nicholas ; Rosetta ; the Flower-girl ; Flavia	4
39 La Roche ; Wolkmar & his Dog ; Yatico ; Example of Veracity	3
31 Theodosius and Constantia ; Abbas ; Stephen and Fanny ; &c.	3
36 The Shrubbery ; and Triumph of Beauty, by T. Potter	4
38 Old Albany ; Louisa Venoni ; Priority of two Lovers	3
42 Eugenio ; Mr. V— ; the Beggar and his Dog	3
50 The Dutchess of C—, by the Comtesse de Genlis	7

GOTHIC STORIES.

3 Bertrand ; Sir Gawen ; Sir Edwin	3
------------------------------------	---

DEVOTIONAL ; RELIGIOUS.

1 Prayers ; Hymns	9
24 On the Superiority of religious Views ; Choice of Religion ; &c.	3

MISCELLANEOUS.

23 Extracts from Sterne's Tristram Shandy and Sentim. Journey	9
---	---

POETS.

16 Armstrong	7½	35 Gay	2½
21 Gray	3	37 Jenyns	4½
25 Collins	3	39 Parnel	3
26 Prior	6	41 Blair	3
30 Lyttelton	6	48 Milton	4½
32 Goldsmith	9	49 Shenstone	9
34 Pope's Pastorals, Elegy, Prologue to Cato, Messiah, Universal Prayer, Odes, Epistles, Epitaphs, &c.			6
40 Pope's Essay on Man			4½

SELECT POEMS.

30 Odes by G. Dyer, Mary Robinson, A. L. Barbauld, Rack, J. Wolcot, Carter, Burns. R. F. Cheetham, &c.	6
51 Elegies, by Shaw, Pratt, Jago, Dr. Wolcot, &c.	4½

SONGS & BALLADS.

8 Ancient	9
9 Descriptive ; Moral ; Pastoral ; Humourous	7½
10 Elegiac ; Sea	4½
21 Scottish	7½

AMATORY.

PROSE.

5 Perfect Love ; the Bird ; Rules for promoting Matrimonial Happiness ; Patience and Forbearance recommended ; an extraordinary Instance of Affection ; Speech of Polly Baker, &c.	3
43 Yorick's Letters to Eliza	3
52 Eliza's Letters to Yorick	3
53 Love Elegies, by Hammond ; Epistles, and a Love-Letter, by Lord Hervey ; and other amatory pieces.	9

VERSES.

- 4 The Invitation ; the Wish ; Prayer for Indifference and Answer ; the Lady's Choice ; a moral Picture ; Allen & Ella 9
 53 Love Elegies, by Hammond ; Epistles, and a Love-Letter, by Lord Hervey ; and other amatory pieces. 4½
 9

HUMOUROUS.

PROSE.

- 6 The disabled Soldier ; Parish Jobbing ; On Quacks ; Ambassador of Bantam's Letter ; Character of a Sot ; &c. 3
 15 History of Nicholas Pedrosa ; Adventures of a bashful Man 3

VERSE.

- 33 The Splendid Shilling ; A Medicine for the Ladies ; History of John Gilpin's Journey ; &c. 8
 General Titles and Contents to bind with Volumes or Sets 6

To be continued with

- 54 Letters of Werter, from the German of Goëthè.
 55 Chiron to Achilles ; Retirement ; Highwayman's Soliloquy ; Mrs. Siddons's Address ; Beggar's Petition, &c.
 56 Sarah Philips, a moral tale, from the French of De Saint Lambert.
 57 Cotton's Poems.
 58 Shenstone's Essays.
 59 Amanda on the Death of her Husband ; Southey's Maid of the Inn ; Lubin and his Dog Tray ; Aikin's Winter Piece ; Roscoe's Address on the Death of Palmer ; &c. &c.
 60 Humorous Extracts from Peter Pindar ; Robin's Spectacles, and other Pieces.
 61 Funeral Oration of a Peasant ; Logan's Speech ; Golden Verses of Pythagoras ; Rules of Economy ; Reflections when I come to be old ; &c. &c.
 62 Marchioness de Lambert's Advice to her Daughter ; &c.
 63 Bishop Porteus on Death ; Carter's Evening Walk ; Frederick the second's Ode to Death ; Moore's Soliloquy in a Church-yard ; Denton's Immortality ; Life, by Dr. Hawksworth ; &c. &c.
 64 Marchioness de Lambert's Advice to her Son.
 65 Chatterton's Poems.
 66 Mrs. Pennington's Advice to her Daughter.

Extracts from Dr. Johnson's Rambler.

Moral and sublime Pieces from the Bible.

Pope's Windsor Forest, Rape of the Lock, Essay on Criticism, and other larger Pieces.

&c. &c.

Printed by G. Nicholson, College, Ludlow.

